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Garth Ennis

Darick Robertson

The BOYS

TWENTY-NINE



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The BOYS

TWENTY-NINE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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JOHN S. GODOLKIN
GODOLKIN HOUSE
NASSAU, NY

March 31, 1984

President of Operations
Superhuman Development
Vought American Incorporated

Dear Sir,

Having followed your corporation's successes in the field of superhuman team generation for some years now, I feel certain that you will recognize a unique commercial opportunity in the appended proposal. The précis on page three should be clear enough, but in essence I wish to discuss the bonding of your publishing and merchandising arms with my group of superpowered heroes.

I have at my disposal six talented young people of extraordinary ability, named, trained, and ready to commence operations commensurate with those of a modern super-group. Neither brand identity nor a base of activities will be an issue, nor will maintenance of powers in respect to the application of Compound V. We are, in the modern idiom, good to go.

Yet it is not this degree of preparedness alone that makes the G-Men (as I have chosen to call them) such an attractive proposition, but also the manner in which they can be presented to the shareholder and consumer. I believe the time has come for a new approach to the very notion of superpowered characters and scenarios; something perhaps less lofty and out-of-reach, and more in tune with contemporary concerns. With the correct implementation, I am convinced that such a strategy will push the G-Men to a level of revenue in excess of those of Payback, and - yes - even The Seven.

I look forward to making your acquaintance and discussing my ideas with you in greater depth, and remain,

Yours faithfully,

John S. Godolkin

worth looking into - RJW

WE GOTTA GO NOW
conclusion



Minutes 11/2/89 P.6

Mr. Edgar: (cont) and since the second team went on-line, profits have in fact doubled. That's confirmed as of the last quarter.

Mr. Wayne: That would be G-Force, correct?

Mr. Edgar: Yes, sir.

Mr. Wayne: And where do we go from here?

Mr. Neiman: There are two more on the way, sir, both with an eye on diversification. G-Brits, and, let me see, G-Style.

Mr. Wayne: Very good. Who wants to give me the bad news?



Minutes 11/2/89 P.7



Mr. Nieman: Sir?

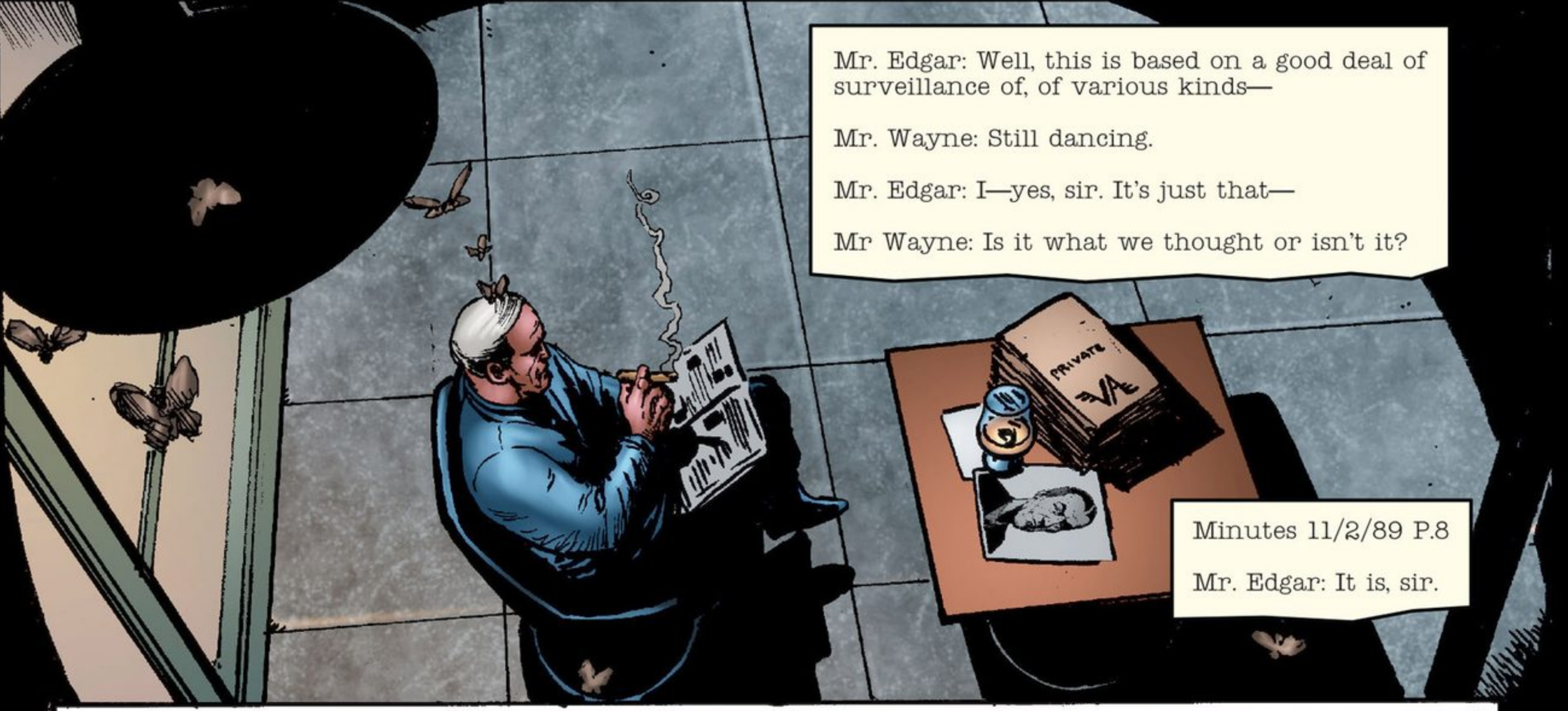
Mr Wayne: Come on, there's a dozen of you. Someone must have drawn the short straw. Nobody?

Mr. Edgar: Sir, there's a young fellow in my office by the name of Stillwell. Smart, keen, completely reliable. I, well, I know this is delicate but I know how concerned you are, too, so I pretty much gave him a blank check. Told him he'd have whatever he needed, so long as he was discrete.

Mr. Neiman: Jesus.

Mr. Edgar: Not much new at first. Subject's completely cuckoo, weird relationship with his parents- oh, one new detail there, he's supposed to have literally leapt with joy at his old man's funeral. And—

Mr. Wayne: You're dancing around something, I can tell. May as well get to it.



Mr. Edgar: Well, this is based on a good deal of surveillance of, of various kinds—

Mr. Wayne: Still dancing.

Mr. Edgar: I—yes, sir. It's just that—

Mr Wayne: Is it what we thought or isn't it?

Minutes 11/2/89 P.8

Mr. Edgar: It is, sir.



Mr. Wayne: Give us the room, please.



HMH.



THEY'RE
GONNA FUCKIN'
KILL ME FOR
THIS...!

ONLY IF THEY
FIND ENOUGH
YOU TO KILL.



COME ON,
GET ON
WITH IT.

LISTEN,
I'M NO'
GONNA--

OH,
FUCK.

OH,
JESUS.

HE
TOOK US.



HE TOOK US
FROM OUR FOLKS
WHEN WE WERE KIDS
AN' HE SAID WE WERE
GONNA JOIN THE
G-MEN.



"I MEAN IT WASN'T VIOLENT, HE WASN'T OUT TO HURT ANYONE. HE HAD TOYS, HE HAD CANDY...THIS WHITE LIMO PULLS UP AN' IT JUST LOOKS LIKE IT'S FULLA THE COOLEST SHIT YOU CAN IMAGINE..."

"AN' YOU'RE *LITTLE*, YOU KNOW? I WAS LIKE SIX, OR SEVEN, I DIDN'T KNOW SHIT EXCEPT THERE WAS THIS REAL NICE MAN PROMISIN' ME ALL THESE THINGS. I MEAN JOIN THE *G-MEN*? BE A *SUPERHERO*?"



"AN' HE IS NICE, TOO. GOT ONE OF THOSE VOICES KINDA CHILLS YOU OUT AN' MAKES YOU ALL WARM AN' TINGLY, THE WAY THEY ALWAYS HAVE SANTA TALKIN' IN THE MOVIES..."

"HE'S JUST--"

"NICE."



BUT LATER ON YOU BEEN AT THE *G-HOUSE* FOR A COUPLE DAYS, AN' YOU'RE STARTIN' TO GET A LITTLE SCARED. YOU JUST WANNA GO HOME TO YOUR FOLKS, BUT HE'S SAYIN' NO.



HE'S SAYIN' THAT'S ALL OVER NOW, YOU'RE A *G-MAN* AN' YOU GOTTA START YOUR TRAININ'. HE KNOWS IT'S HARD, BUT YOU GOTTA GIVE UP EVERYTHING FROM BEFORE--SO YOU CAN GO BE SO COOL YOU CAN'T *BELIEVE* IT...

AN' YOU...
I DUNNO. A WEEK
GOES BY. A MONTH.
IT'S LIKE A KID'S
STORY ANYHOW, IT'S
SOMETHIN' A KID
CAN BUY INTO.

YOU MEET THE
OTHERS ON YOUR TEAM
AN' YOU GOT FRIENDS ALL
OF A SUDDEN, AN' THEN YOU
MEET THE OLDER G-MEN--
AN' THEY'RE LIKE HEROES, THE
WHOLE THING'S SUCH A
FUCKIN' ADVENTURE...

AN' YOU
SAY YES.

THAT GO FOR
EVERYONE?

I DUNNO.
DID FOR US.

BUT I HEARD
THERE WAS ONE OR
TWO KIDS BEFORE,
MIGHTA GOT...TAKEN
CARE OF.

WHAT
D'YOU--

USE YOUR
IMAGINATION.

WHAT
HAPPENS
NEXT?

COMPOUND V.



"THEY GIVE YOU A SHOT EVERY
WEEK UNTIL SOMETHIN' STARTS
TO HAPPEN. IT'S PRETTY FREAKY
WHEN IT DOES, BUT IT'S KINDA
COOL, TOO.

"IT'S WHEN YOU KNOW YOU'RE A
SUPERHERO, YOU KNOW? IT'S WHEN
THIS PROMISE YOU BEEN MADE, THIS
THING YOU GAVE IT ALL UP FOR--IT
COMES TRUE..."

MAIS V IS NO
GUARANTEE OF
SUCCESS...

COUPLE MORE
GET TAKEN CARE
OF, DO THEY?

DUNNO.

MAYBE.

SEE, THEY
RAISE YOU--THEY
TRAIN YOU TO PROTECT
THE G-MEN, THAT'S
LIKE THE NUMBER
ONE PRIORITY NO
MATTER WHAT.

AN' YOU GROW
UP A LITTLE BIT AN'
YOU START TO SEE WHY,
'CAUSE YOU SEE WHAT'S
AT STAKE. I MEAN THE
MONEY, FUCK, IT FEELS
LIKE YOU CAN HAVE
ANYTHING...

"MORE TOYS."

"MORE CANDY."

READ
ME

FUCK
BOX

FUCK
BOX

WELCOME
G-MEN

TOR-TA

Yall's

Mex
Chips

WELCOME
G-MEN

TOR-TA

Yall's

Mex
Chips

BY NOW...YOU
KNOW WHAT BEIN' IN THE
G-MEN'S ALL ABOUT. YOU
KNOW YOU AIN'T GONNA BE
A SUPERHERO--OR MAYBE
IT'S JUST YOU KNOW WHAT
BEIN' ONE REALLY
MEANS...

BUT YOU
SURE AS FUCK
KNOW WHAT
YOU GOT.

"AN' YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'LL DO TO
PROTECT IT."





HE STARTED
THE FIRST TEAM
WHEN THEY WERE
NINE OR TEN.
WE WERE SIX.

SOMETIMES I
THINK I'LL BE SIX
FOR THE REST
OF MY LIFE.

JESUS,
JAMAL...!

FUCK
OFF!

BUT HOW
COULD THEY LET
HIM? IF HE DID IT TO
THE OLDER ONES,
WHY WOULD THEY
LET HIM DO IT
TO YOU?



YOU STUPID
MOTHERFUCKER,
THEY DON'T SAY
SHIT TO HIM.

SOME OF
THEM EVEN
JOIN IN.

WE'RE ALL
IN IT TOGETHER.
WE'RE LOCKED.

THERE'S
ALWAYS MORE G-MEN
COMIN' ALONG, AN'
THERE'S ALWAYS MORE
MONEY, AN' EVERYONE
GETS WHAT EVERYONE
WANTS, AN' ALL IT
COSTS IS--

FUCK...!



BUT
DON'T YOU
WANNA--

YOU WANNA
MAKE IT NOT HAVE
HAPPENED! EXCEPT
YOU CAN'T, SO YOU
TRY AN' FORGET
IT EVERY FUCKIN'
DAY!

AN' YOU GOT
EVERYTHING YOU NEED
TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF
IT, AN' **NO ONE**, NO ONE
WANTS TO GIVE UP SHIT
LIKE THAT!



FUCK,
IF THEY DO,
THEY GET--

TAKEN FUCKIN'
CARE OF--!



THEY'RE JUST
WEE INNOCENT
KIDS.
AN' HE
TURNS THEM
INTO...INTO...



SUPES.



SIIIILENCE
IS GOLDEN!



JESUS---

OH, YOU
FUCKIN'
CUNT--!



WHAT
THE FUCK
WAS...?

MERDE.







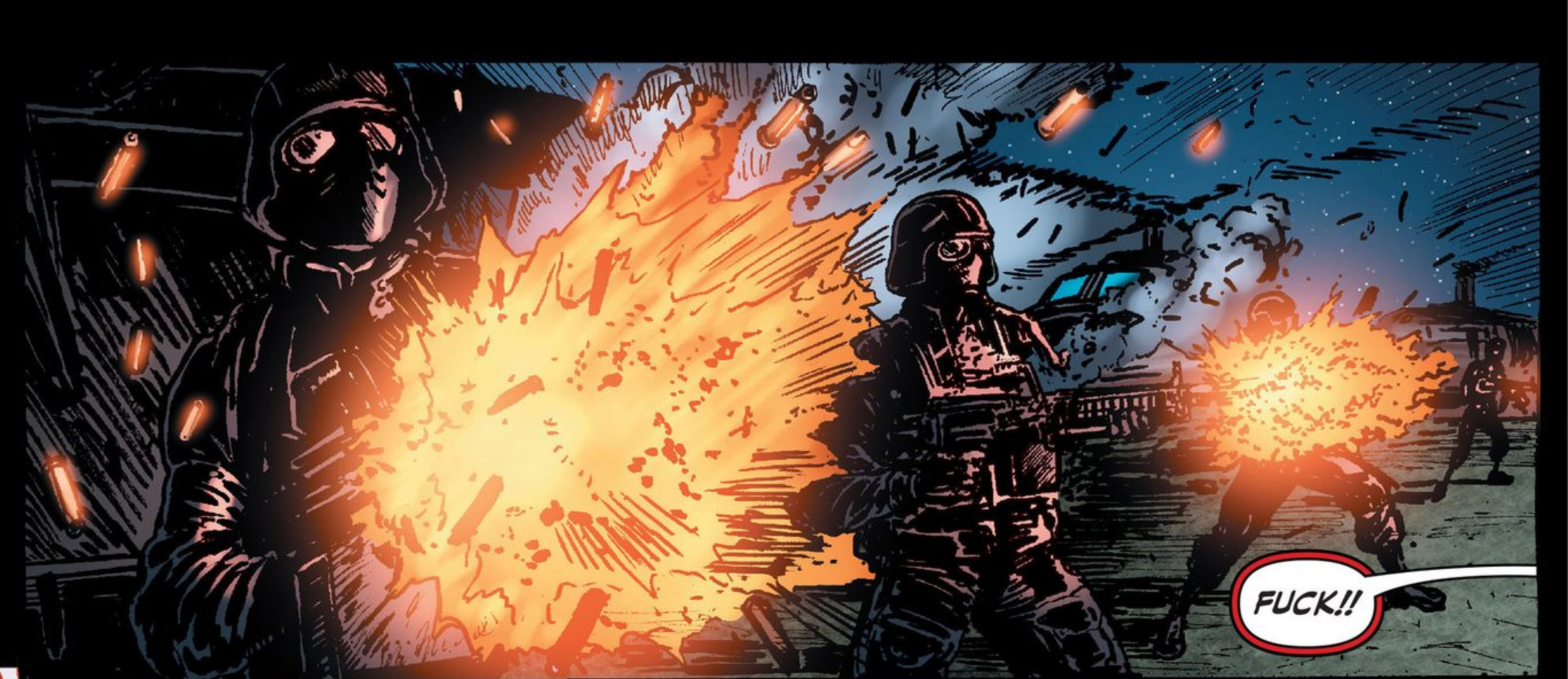
STAY.

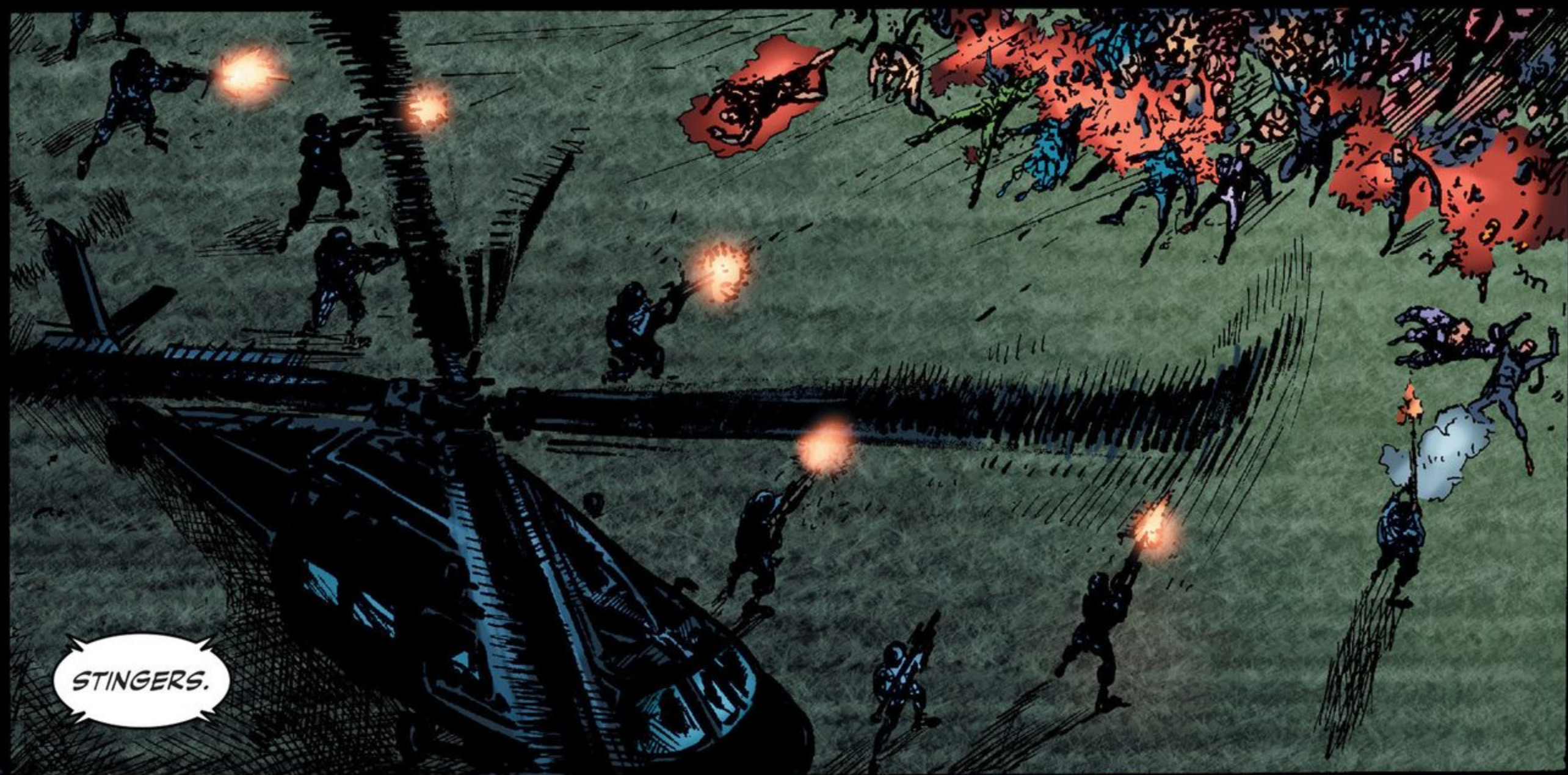


WORSE WAYS TO
GO THAN SLAUGHTERIN'
TWATS LIKE THESE.

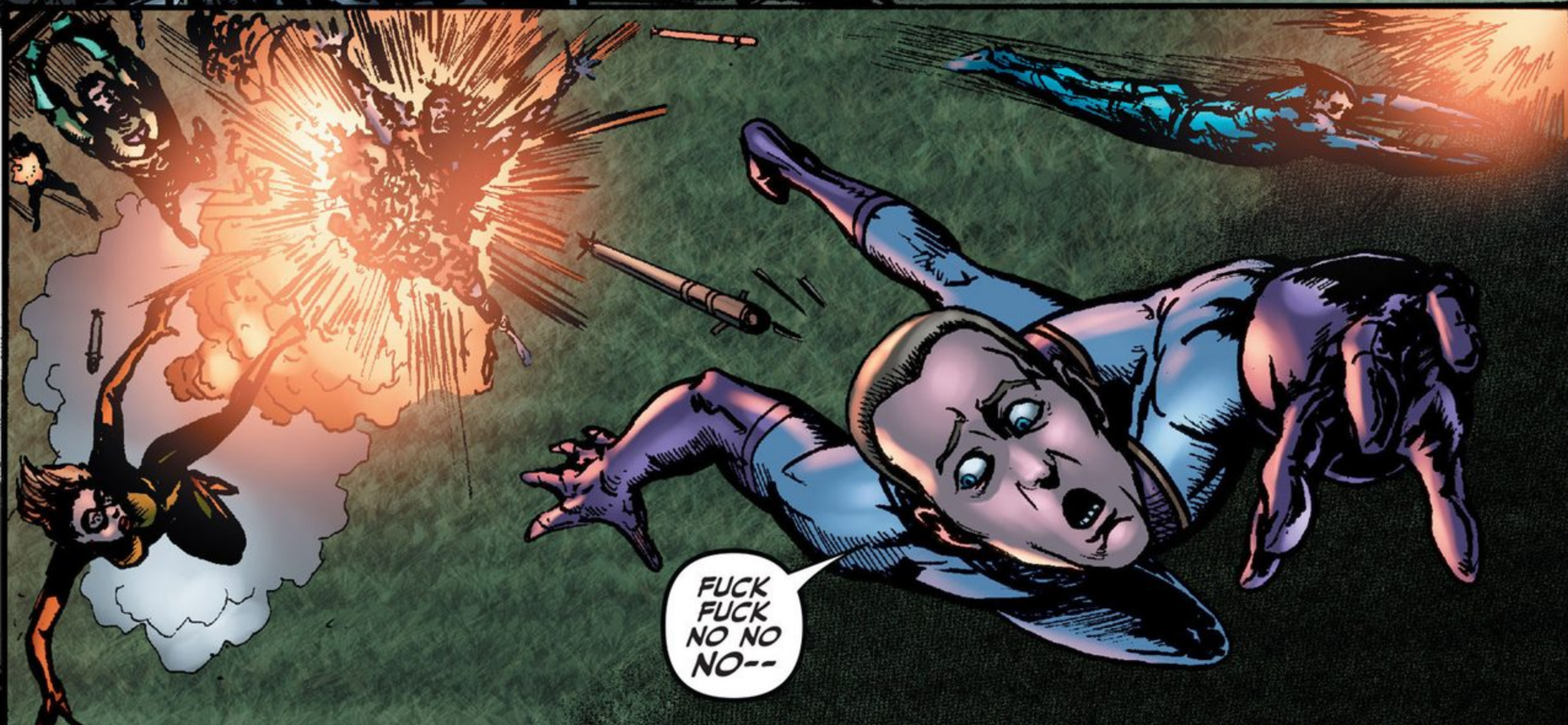








STINGERS.



FUCK
FUCK
NO NO
NO--

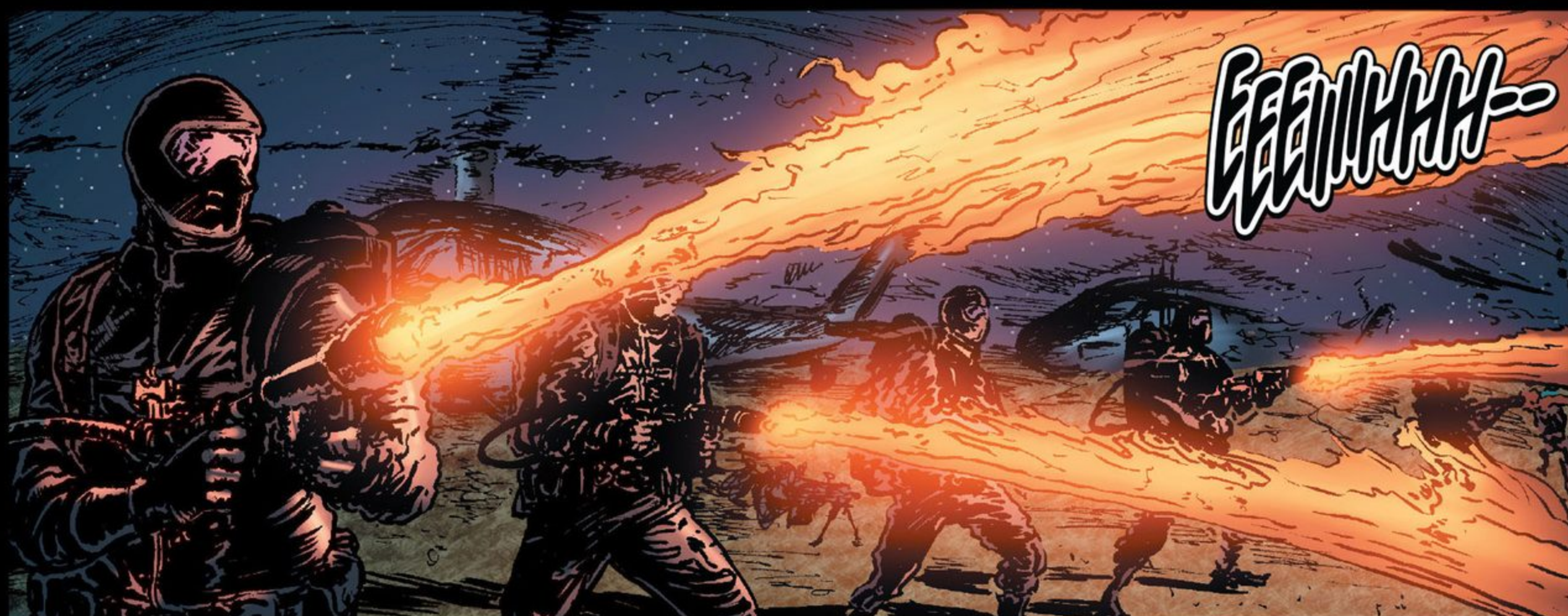


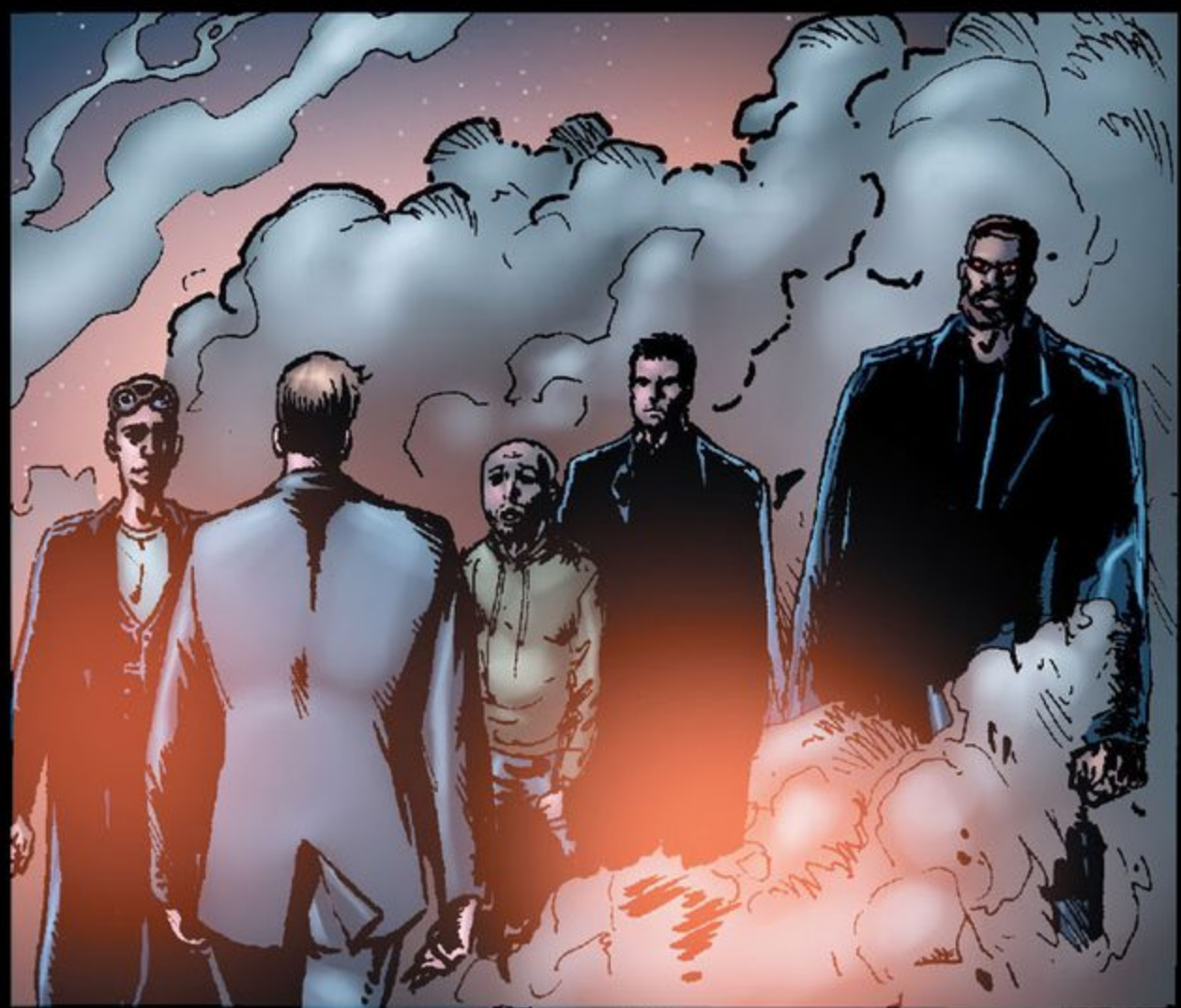


AAAAA

EEEE

GGGG

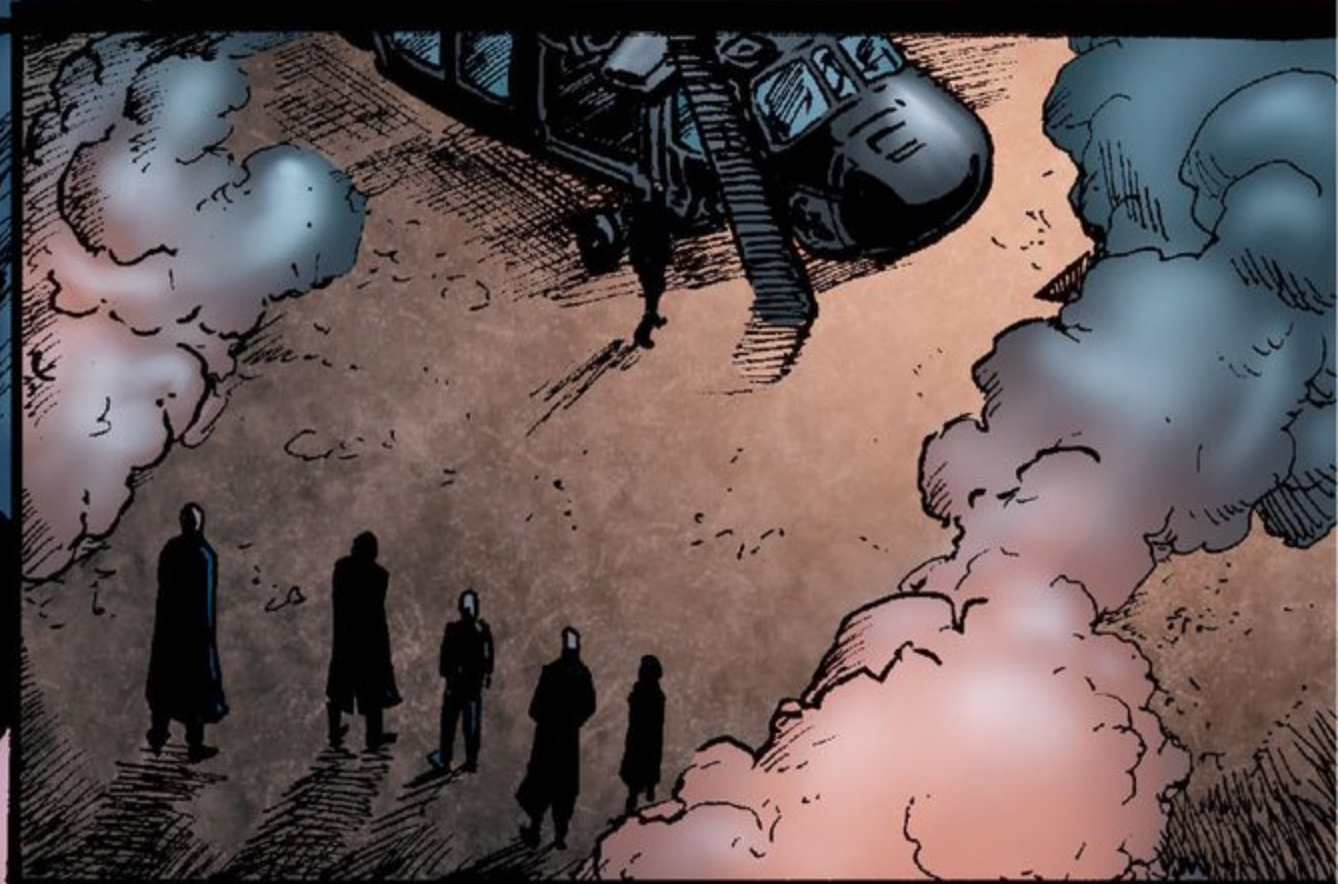




JUST
SO YOU
KNOW.



WE CAN
CLEAN UP
OUR OWN
SHIT.



FUCK ME.

THE END